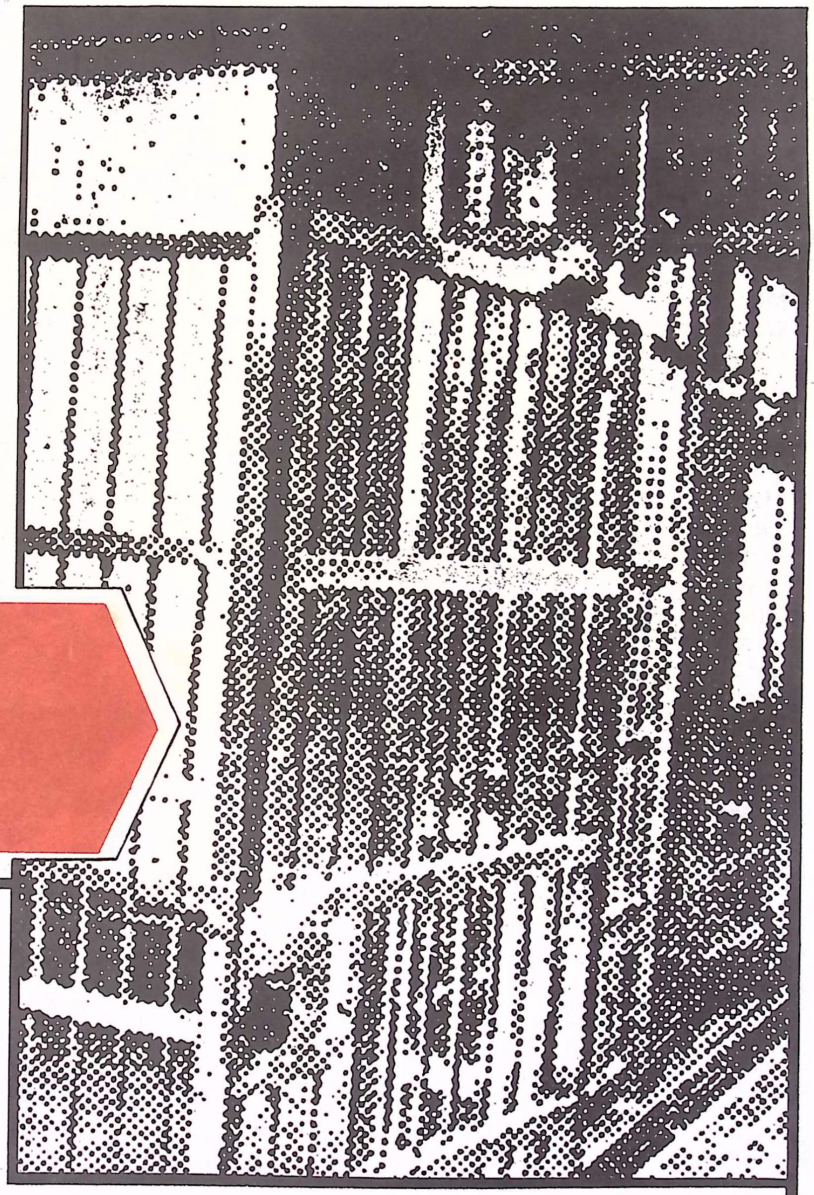
T/SOR/43/3

CLYDESIDER

A MESSAGE TO THE UNEMPLOYED AND HOMELESS...

REJOICE!

THERE'S TONS OF ROOM



INSIDE

HIGH TECH HELLHOLE

Glasgow's new Courthouse holds 2,000 in 'emergencies'

CLYDESIDER

Sloane's Rangers

ANDREW SLOAN is not a man who courts publicity. Unlike his predecessor as Chief Constable of Strathclyde, Patrick Hammill, he does not hit the headlines. But our civil liberties are threatened all the more by his stealthy, insidious approach.

His first act on taking up his post was certainly 'high profile': a semi-military operation against the peace protestors at Faslane. Those arrested were dispersed to stations all over the city, and men and women were strip searched in the most degrading circumstances. Even the hacks of the local press felt obliged to comment on that sordid piece of thuggery. Since then Chief Constable Sloan has changed his tactics.

POWER

He's been busy consolidating his power base in the new 'juggernaut' Police H.Q. in Pitt Street - a building whose intimidating architecture set the style for the monstrosities of the Ministry of Defence at Anderston Cross and the new Sheriff Court.

Part of his master plan is a system for total surveillance - a netowork of interlinking cameras with zoom and video facilities. They already cover all the major roads in a huge area from Hamilton to Paisley, the entire city centre and an increasing number of outlying areas.

It's a system that, if required, could pinpoint and monitor any act of dissent, from a single leaflet distributor to a mass demonstration. Many will have noticed how these 'traffic control' cameras point into George Square during political marches and meetings.

Mr. Sloan and his thoroughly modern police force urgently needs to be challened before their technology renders our right to protest obsolete.

HOMES NOT JAILS

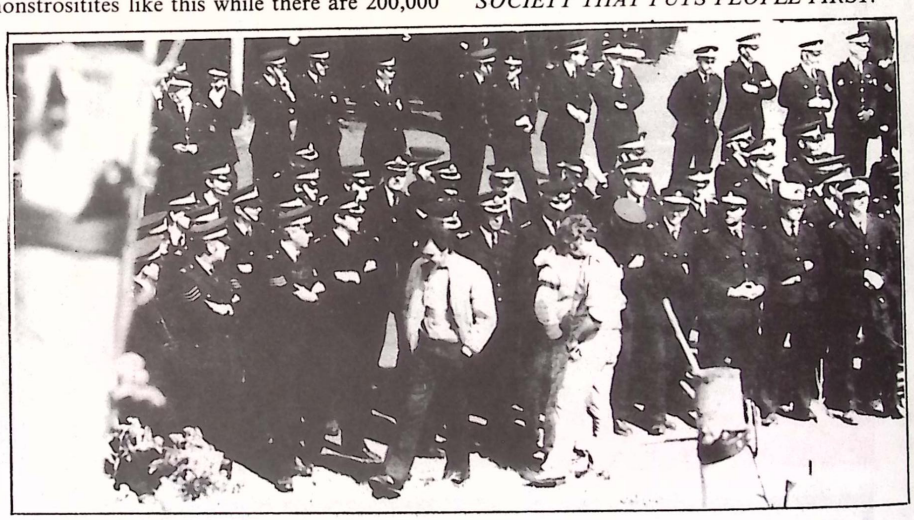
"WE KNEW NOTHING". That was the answer a local member of the 'ruling' Labour council gave when informed of the sinister implications of the new Sheriff Court.

This Bastille on the banks of the Clyde is part of the Government's contingency plans: it can process and hold up to **2,000** people a day in times of civil disorder. The shape of things to come was hinted at during the miners' strike, with the mass arrests at Hunterston and Stepps. Then the judiciary was sorely stretched to cope with this new style of law enforcement.

But now they have a fully fledged regime to cope with the coming upheavals. And come THEY MUST in a society that builds monstrositites like this while there are 200,000 unemployed in Strathclyde, in a society that plans to spend millions on the 'road to nowhere' for the Glenfruin Trident missiles when there are 2,000 officially homeless in Glasgow.

Scotland already has the highest amount of prisoners per head of population in Europe, with the exception of Northern Ireland. It has a vast arsenal of repression that includes 13 prisons, 6 Young Offenders' Institutions, and sundry other institutions including the notorious 'death camp' at Glenochil.

The building of more and more jails for those driven to desparate acts by poverty and misery is a pure nonsense. *FAR BETTER WE TEAR THEM ALL DOWN AND BEGIN TO BUILD A SOCIETY THAT PUTS PEOPLE FIRST.*



THE RAINBOW CAMPAIGN TO STOP TRIDENT

THE GREEN ACTION

NAGASAKI DAY - AUGUST 9th-16th

TAKE BACK THE LAND

A NON-VIOLENT OCCUPATION OF THE TRIDENT SITE AT COULPORT

Contact: Faslane Peace Camp, Dunbartonshire, Scotland. Tel: (0436) 820901

Printed & Published by Clydesider, Box 14, 340 West Princes St., Glasgow.

FROM BELLSHILL TO BARCELONA

ETHEL MACDONALD was 29 when she went to Spain fifty years ago. The Spanish Civil War had just begun. But within the Civil War there was also a monumental *social revolution* - possibly the most far reaching the world has ever seen, with workers taking over the fields and factories and running them collectively.

Then, as now, it was against the interests of all State powers - capitalist, socialist or fascist - to reveal the real issues at stake. The beleaguered Spanish workers' movement, with the million-strong anarcho-syndicalist CNT at the helm, issued a call for solidarity.

From Glasgow two remarkable women - Ethel MacDonald and Jenny Patrick - responded. I

"So you want tranferred from a 3 apartment in Castlemilk to a 126 bedroom castle in Balmoral..."

TURNKEY FOR A DAY

HOW WOULD YOU fancy a giro for £10,000 dropping through your letterbox every morning? That's the equivalent of what Britain's biggest scrounger, Elizabeth Windsor, gets every day of the year. No wonder they talk about Her Majesty's Pleasure! All that cash for having the occasional dinner with the odd fascist statesman, for inaugurating the occasional new repressive State institution.

This time she's in the Southside to do the honours at the new Sheriff Court. The last time she was in the Gorbals, on the 6th July 1972, she accompanied the usual fawning Labour Party toads in declaring the flats at Pine Place 'officially open'. Maybe she'll pop round the corner this time and declare Glasgow's biggest disaster area 'officially closed'.

We live in hope that Europe's biggest courthouse has as short a lifespan as the Hutchesontown flats, and just as fast becomes derelict and uninhabited.

Barcelona they participated fully with Ethel broadcasting worldwide for the Anarchist radio station.

But the revolution was being drowned in blood. In the frontline the nazi-aided Franco was engaged in mass execution and ruthless military action; and in the rearguard Stalin's secret police, the GPU, were using torture methods inherited from the Inquisition, including the flaying alive of Socialist and Anarchist opponents.

Ethel MacDonald was among those arrested and imprisoned in Barcelona. On her eventual release in November 1937 she returned home to a heroine's welcome. She told the crowds at Queen Street station: "I have witnessed scenes and events that belong to the French Revolution".

For the next twenty years she was to work with her comrade Guy Aldred at the Strickland Press in George Street - a non-profit making Anarchist printshop. In the late 1950s she collapsed by her machine and died after a long illness.

But her memory lives on through the collection of posters, papers and leaflets from Spain that she donated to the people of Glasgow.

The Mitchell Library is holding an exhibition of from the Ethel MacDonald Collection from the 17th of July until the 1st of October. We urge you to pay a visit to find out more about this fascinating piece of submerged history.

Farquhar McLay

LET US DWELL for a moment on the capriciousness of the public mind and the terrible reversals in fortune which can befall great celebrities and heroes of the people. Like Jimmy Reid. I dropped his name in a bar some while ago and it called forth such a barrage of fecal effluent that Princess Anne herself might have raised an eyebrow. Scumbag, twister, blowhard, bully, hooligan and turncoat - to list just a few of the more decorous epithets. I was taken aback, I can tell you. Not so much by the effluent aimed at Reid as by the fact that it was coming from these people - people for whom, it seemed only yesterday, the man was a hero, a fearless champion of working class rights. Perhaps, I mused, my companions had misheard. Could it be they took me to say Kinnock or Jenkins or any number of trade union leaders who surely merit these descriptions? But at a second try, this time in the clearest of clear enunciations, the response, if anything, was even more lavatorial than before.

As any sedulous reader of the Anarchist press will know, I have been highlighting Reid's deficiencies for a number of years now, ever since the UCS work-in, as a matter of fact. For a brief moment I actually harboured the vain, foolish thought that it may have been something I had written which had changed their minds about Reid. Alas, no. The colossus of the Left was now a tawdry bit of gimcrack plaster, the giant was now a midget, not by my doing but by his own.

It all stemmed, I soon realised, from that infamous Channel 4 broadcast he made at the height of the miners' strike. His masters called his name and he stepped up and did their dirty work with infinite relish. He mounted at excruciating length a vicious attack upon the striking miners, using his supposed Leftist purity as a grapnel to pull the rug from under Scargill and leave the embattled miners to the tender mercies of Thatcher and MacGregor. That night he showed us all where his true loyalties lay - and for all these decent moderate Labour Party members, a hero had bitten the dust.

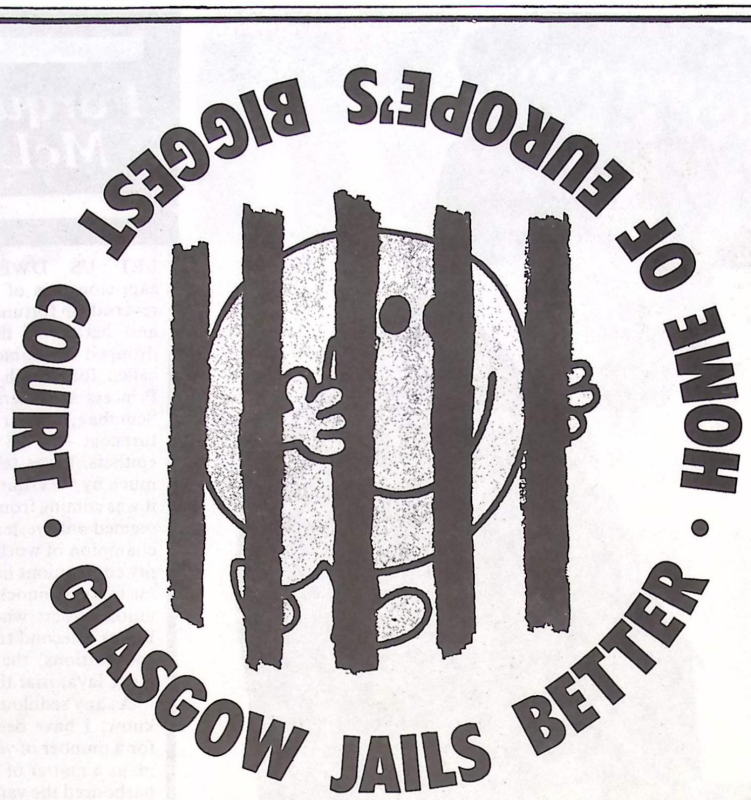
That is the way it is with heroes. Little people may say what they like but the voice will be drowned in the thunderings of the hero. Only the hero himself can undo the hero. Or time, of course. Time exposes most heroes as pathetic frauds, and goes on to select its own heroes, usually from among the ogre's victims - from among the crushed and damned and failed of the earth.

* * * *

ONCE UPON A time Glasgow had a population of well over a million and although things were bad by present-day standards we had the consolation of being known throughout the entire world as the Second City of the Empire, which was pretty good going for a sump and sewer of a little town like ours. Also and forbye we were a capital - yes: the TB capital of the western hemisphere. Think about that - and running strong with malnutrition and rickets and chronic alcoholism gaining in strength. The more things change the more they stay the same: no truer word ever spoken. Thanks to advances on all fronts we are still tops in heart disease and cancer. Think about it.

Incidentally I hope no evil-minded bastard is trying to suggest that the mass radiological campaign of the Fifties, which stamped out TB for good and all except for the odd malingerer here and there trying to hold onto their disability pension, has any connection whatsoever with the massive rise in the present-day incidence of cancer in the city.

And radiation levels are normally high this time of year. No risk I do assure you. You can drink as much as you like. You can even douche in it if you like. It might even be good for you: like from a spa, that kind of thing. Thank you for calling. Bye. (Last week I was on the broo like everybody else. Now I'm telephonist/expert bio-physicist). There's something special about Glasgow, isn't there?



THE NEW JAIL IN CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW

Believe me this Glasgow's a wonderful town
with all the 'improvements' that's going around,
there's cafes and pubs that are open all day
but, my God, they don't half make a hole in your pay;
Glasgow's Miles Better, the smart guys declare!
Tell that to the poor on a bench in the Square!
But take caution, my friend, or you'll end up inside
the new polis jail on the banks of the Clyde.

There's thousands o' workless just roamin' the street,
and sickness and want you'll everywhere meet,
they're closing down schools and hospital wards
and with Fowler's cuts coming, there's more on the cards;
the big shots in London pretend they're too poor
but for their own ends, there's millions for sure,
bombs and destruction and great follies beside
like the new polis jail on the banks of the Clyde.

It's ugly, it's squat, just a horrid eye-sore,
a squalid grim fort and a blot on the shore,
they tell me they built it to scare folk from crime,
but yarns of that sort sure they spread all the time;
but my hunch is a bunker for men of the Bar,
for Judges and Lawyers a shelter from War!
May Fate on that day damn their pomp and their pride,
and the blast the new jail on the banks of the Clyde!

One day for certain the Truth will come out
and tell us for certain how that jail came about -
when they try burst the Unions, jail strikers and picket
all those who won't play their nice game of cricket,
peace-marchers, protestors and folk of back-bone
who against tanks might dare raise a stone;
that Day when the people at last will preside
despite your new jail on the banks of the Clyde.

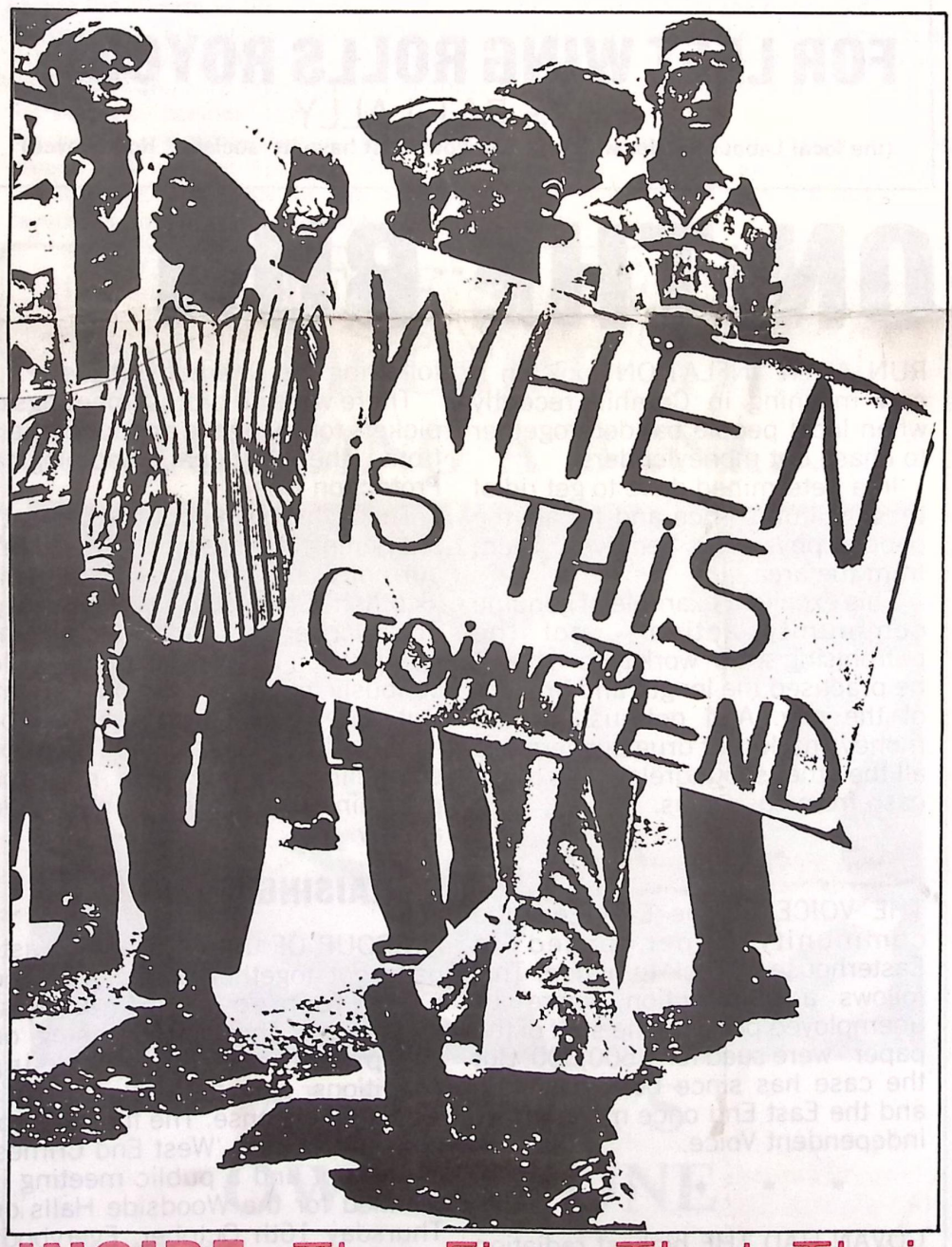
Freddie Anderson

T/SOR/43113

CLYDESIDER

October 1986.

GLASGOW'S DISGRACE



THE GLASGOW HERALD and Evening Times play their part in keeping the barbaric South African government in existence.

Both papers are owned by the Lonrho (London-Rhodesia) Group - a company with vast interests in South Africa.

A recent report, "Scotland's Apartheid Connection", states that Lonrho's attitude to its black workers 'can only be described as contemptuous'.

Many of its 100,000 workers are housed in single men's hostels, hundreds of miles from their families in the 'homelands' - a system that ensures huge profits for the multinational companies.

PROFITEERING

Glasgow companies are making a quick killing out of the oppression of thousands.

- Coats Paton, the threadmill owners hated by generations of Paisley workers, have a long established set-up in South Africa. Some of their output is believed to aid the military machine, in the shape of tent canvas and parachute material. Coats continue their long tradition of anti-union activities: years ago in Paisley they paid their weavers half a crown extra for not joining the union.

cont. page 3

INSIDE: The Firm That Thrives On Poverty

CLYDESIDER

THE BIG FRAUD

The recent Fraud charges brought against Labour members of Strathclyde Regional Council should come as no surprise to anyone.

For years the bureaucrats of the Labour Party in the West of Scotland have fallen into two distinct types:

• the old guard, usually ex-trade unionist, who find their easy access to committee funds just a bit too tempting. They're the ones who get caught with their fingers in the petty cash.

• the new breed: the invasion of social workers, teachers and lecturers out to make a career. They cynically use Urban Aid patronage to dish out jobs and cash, and build up a power base.

Either way there's corruption: a corruption that is part and parcel of being a cog in the Party Machine.

There are MPs and councillors in Glasgow with well known criminal associations. Yet come every election, even the supposedly 'idealist' young Socialists are out campaigning for them. It is their first fatal compromise: putting the interests of their party before the interests of their class.

And that's why we say:

ALL POLITICAL PARTIES ARE GANGS.

ALL POLITICIANS ARE GANGSTERS.

WINDS OF CHANGE

Every nuclear cloud has a silver lining, as the new cliche goes.

But not for Alan Devereux, the chairman of the Scottish Tourist Board.

He had big plans to have us all working for the Yankee dollar. Heavy industry was dead, he said. Tourism is the major employer of the future!

For every unemployed panel-beater there was to be a job as a grouse beater. We were to be a nation of forelock-tugging Manuels, with Alan Devereux as Basil Fawlty.

But Chernobyl and Libya put paid to all those brave dreams.

If Alan's really sincere about helping the unemployed, how about launching another campaign - for work or full pay on the dole?

VOTE LABOUR

FOR LEFT WING ROLLS ROYCES

SAYS PAT LALLY

(the local Labour Leader who said Glasgow must have its 'socialist' Rolls Royce)

ON THE RUN

RUN AWAY INFLATION took on a new meaning in Cranhill recently when local people banded together to chase out moneylenders.

In a determined drive to get rid of these vultures once and for all, the people physically 'removed' them from the area.

This excellent example of genuine community action - not the patronising social work type - should be practised the length and breadth of the city. And not just against money sharks but drug pushers and all the other scoundrels out to make cash from casualties.

* * * * *

THE VOICE OF the East End, the community paper based in Easterhouse is back in action. This follows a libel action where 11 unemployed people - the staff of the paper - were sued for £500,000. But the case has since been dropped, and the East End once more has its independent Voice.

* * * * *

GOVAN HAD THE highest radiation reading in Scotland and highest iodine level anywhere in Britain following the Chernobyl disaster.

There were no protest meetings or pickets following the announcement from the National Radiological Protection Board.

That's the exact opposite of what's happening in Norway, where there's currently a campaign against the 'Scottish Chernobyl' at Dounreay. The Norwegians believe that any accidents at Dounreay would seriously affect them. Quite right. But surely it's us that should be leading the protests? There must be something in all this radiation poisoning that brings on advanced apathy.

RAISING MERRY HELL

A GROUP OF unemployed activists have got together in Maryhill and have formed an Anarchist Federation. They are planning on campaigning against housing conditions and the Government's 'Restart' nonsense. The first issue of their broadsheet 'West End Crimes' is just out and a public meeting is planned for the Woodside Halls on Thursday 16th October. Everybody welcome.

GLASGOW'S DISGRACE

Today in South Africa they recognised a tame, racially-segregated union rather than that of the independent black Textile Workers.

In Scotland, Coats have been engaged in a 'Weavers' Wapping': introducing high technology, dismissing the older employees and transferring resources to the lucrative South African market.

- Howden's - the Glasgow engineering firm - make a cool £15.5 million out of the Apartheid economy. There are well founded suspicions that at least part of their profits come through dealings with the security forces. Meanwhile they are allowing their Glasgow factory in Scotland Street to go to seed; with the intention, no doubt, of using 'low productivity' as an excuse for closure in the future.
- Anderson Strathclyde, the Bridgeton firm, are owned by Charter Consolidated, a South African outfit registered in London for 'cosmetic' reasons. They too have been involved in redundancies while ploughing money back into the Apartheid State.

These are just some of the Scottish capitalists making a mint from misery.

"We know that foreign companies have literally helped to finance our oppression. We know who our friends have been in the struggle".
Winnie Mandela

From Everest Windows to Alma Confectionery - who won an order for ¾ million chocolate 'skull crushers', destined for South Africa - it's a case of profit first, people later.

The choice for us in Scotland is simple and unavoidable. Either we're with the oppressors - the same people that exploit us here - or we're with the oppressed.

But relying on the old bureaucratic manoeuvres of our Trade Unions is no use; the TUC would not even vote for a one hour solidarity strike.

Direct action must begin at the grassroots, directed at the one rotten motive that holds the whole rotten system together: PROFIT.

SCOTTISH EDUCATION AND ACTION FOR DEVELOPMENT

SCOTLAND'S APARTHEID CONNECTION

Essential reading for all those involved in the Anti-Apartheid struggle. £2.75 from Changes Bookshop, 340 West Princes Street, Glasgow G12.

THERE'S A FAR BIGGER CRIME THAN ROBBING A BANK...

AND THAT'S OWNING ONE

TSB

STUFF THEIR LOUSY SHARES

BLOODY DISGUSTING PROFIT

GLASGOW'S MILITANT ANIMAL rights campaigners - the Vegan Action Group - have launched a new campaign against the Meat Trade.

Already pickets have been held at the Abattoir in Dennistoun and attention drawn to the fact that a trade which treats animals in a disgusting manner has little regard for its workers either.

An activist told **Clydesider**:
"On the one hand they're feeding cattle sawdust for Wimpy burgers. And on the other they refuse their workers to join a union".

The group have plans to expand protests into all areas of this dehumanising trade - including the fast food burger industry.

DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE MEAT TRADE

THURS 16 OCTOBER

Contact the Vegan Action Group at Room 16, 136 Ingram Street, Glasgow G1 or at their stall in Argyle Street every Saturday.

WAR MINISTRY USE PHONEY LAWS T

RECLAIM TH

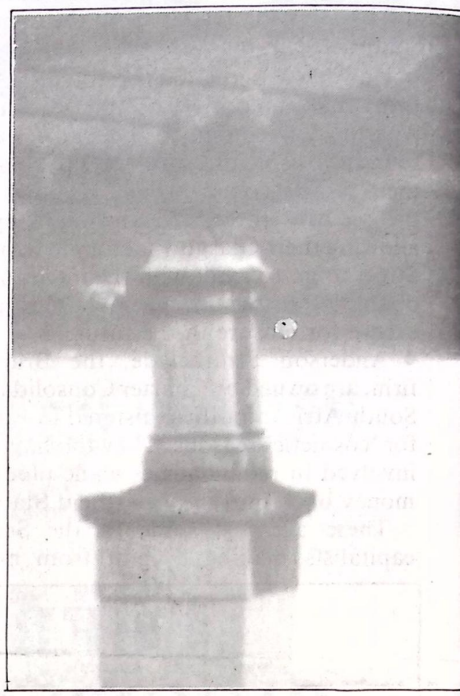
THE MINISTRY OF Defence are using a blend of bullying and bye-laws in an attempt to take control of thousands of acres of Scottish hillside.

They're planning to build missile bunkers to equip a new breed of submarines: a fleet with the destructive power of over 3,000 Hiroshimas.

These new boats - each almost twice the size of the pitch at Hampden - are being built at a cost of £500 million. It will mean the building of a 13 storey dry dock and a 90 foot watchtower with floodlights which will be visible from Glasgow. All this in an area that already has one of the highest concentrations of nuclear warheads per square mile in Europe.

For those of us herded into the industrial wasteland of Glasgow a call to 'take back the land' may' appear uninspiring. But outside of the city, some of the country's most beautiful landscape, like Glen Fruin, is being torn apart by the military machine. We've already had the country stolen from us by Scotland's 'landed families'. They achieved their aims through barbarism centuries ago. Now the MoD is claiming what's left. So far they've grabbed 51,774 acres of land and foreshore.

The hills and the land are just part of our inheritance that we have lost. We look forward to a determined effort to reclaim *everything.*



A TYPICAL SCOTTISH SCENE

PHOTO: PEACE NEWS

DIRECT ACTION

Protests have gone on now for 25 years at Faslane. Here members of the Direct Action Committee plant a disarmament flag in Feb 1961.

TERROR A AGAINST POLARIS WATCHER

THE PREVENTION OF Terrorism Act, widely used against the Irish community in Britain, is now being turned on the peace movement. William Peden, an activist with Polaris Watch, has been arrested under the Act.

On Friday 29th August a Polari convoy left Coulport. It consisted o

With thanks to all those a Faslane Peace Camp who helped in the preparation of this page

O SEIZE 3,000 ACRES
IE HILLS

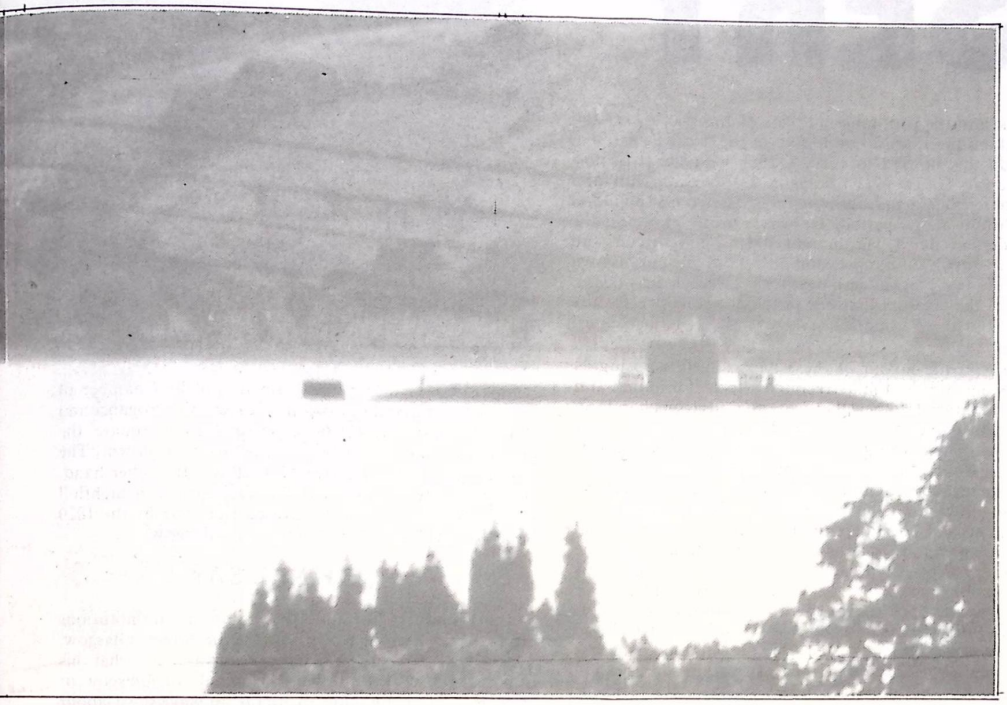


PHOTO: VIV KENDON

CT USED

five Mammoth Major carriers carrying 'unstable warheads', a Transit full of soldiers, civilian police escorts, a fire engine, convoy support vehicles and RAF outriders.

This massive line of vehicles normally passes through the centre of Glasgow at Charing Cross, but on this occasion there appears to have been a change of plan. Peace campers who had been following the route were stopped by the police at Paisley and contact was lost. However, the convoy was tracked down again by the time it reached the English Border.

There William Peden was arrested for taking photographs, but released after his film had been destroyed. However, on the Monday, after the convoy restarted, William was violently re-arrested and charged first under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and then the Official Secrets Act. His 'crime' was having the registration numbers of convoy vehicles in his possession. After seventeen hours of questioning he was released.

- To support William and to publicise the convoy next time it travels, phone Faslane Peace Camp on (0436) 820901.

Spy in the sky: the Ministry of Defence keep a wary eye on the mass trepass at Coulport on October 4th. Photo: Viv Kendon.

LIFE IN THE FASLANE

FASLANE PEACE CAMP was set up in June 1982 following the discovery that submarines from the base had been used in the Falklands Way. It has since become the major focus for anti-militarist activity in the West of Scotland. Here is a personal account of a day in the life of a peace camper.

"The first thing to point out is that there is no 'typical' day. There are projects/actions that people at the camp work on, either collectively or as individuals. This work can be in preparation for actions, some form of publicity or cleaning up around camp.

One of the many aspects of our work is observing, monitoring and publisising the Trident construction work. This info is sent to groups who oppose Trident. It's either mailed out in a newsletter, speaking to groups or giving slide shows.

This work means going up onto the Peaton Hill. It may be an organised thing where we set a leaving time from the camp or, as usually happens, its is spontaneous, one or more people decide to go for a 'walk'. Whether walking or taking a bus we look over Faslane to see what's happening there.

In the past we've walked from the peace camp to the Peaton Hill or taken a bus to Garelochhead. Most of the MoD police we meet are chatty - "walking the fence" gives us the opportunity to get to know them better. Jokes are passed back and forth through the fence, past actions are still talked about and, with the new fence going up, an on-going debate as to whether we'll get over it or not. The police often ask us where we're going - very early in the morning is a bit suspicious - and we usually point, behind them, to the Peaton Hill.

It's not illegal to go to the hill, although the new byelaws cover it (Military Lands), but if asked to leave a person must do so or risk arrest. That's an acceptable risk if we want to check progress on the construction work.

Because the Peninsula is, for the most part, open moorland we have a choice of entry points. The main entry point being the Garelochhead/Coulport junction for a quick and easy way onto the hills. For some walks we've used the forest as it is virtually impossible to know where'll we come out of it. It's much easier for the MoD to wait until they see us rather than go looking for us.

No Go Area

The Peninsula is split up into three basic areas: (a) Military Lands, where you can still walk; (b) Protected Areas, where you can't; and (c) Coulport itself, a definate no go area. Most of the work is going on, out of sight, and within the protected area.

Up until now we would have to go through the forest and up to the road which runs along the top of the hill. It's a busy construction road so we have to wait until there is no traffic before crossing it. Having done that we are now within the 'Protected Area' (an arrestable offence). Because we know the area so well we know where we're heading and make, directly, for that spot. It was a small hillock from which we could see all of the work going on. Sadly that's not the case now, the work is so advanced that most of that area has now been flattened. From our point of view, however, we can see this work from the Military Lands, usually before the MoD see us.

For me, just going up there for the views, North and West is worth risking arrest. I know that should the construction be completed no one will be able to see those views again.

If we're able to complete the walk it takes us a few hours and we cover maybe 10, 15 miles.

We bring everyone at the camp up to date and in some cases it is published in our newsletter and is sent out both nationally and internationally.

I try to do this walk fairly regularly, for exercise, for the view but also to witness the destruction of another part of my country. I wish more people would join me on a country walk.

It may be viewed by some people who read this that by writing it's some kind of a confession (I broke the byelaws). If that's the case I'll continue to break them until enough people are convinced that Trident should be stopped."

Yours in peace, Jim

The Tea Tycoons: Glasgow's Finlay & Co. Ltd. **Exposed!**

MERCHANTS OF MISERY

KARL MARX WAS quite right in relation to Napoleon the Little, when he said "History repeats itself, the first time in tragedy, the second time in farce". However, in the instance of Finlay & Co., the repeat, sad to say, is also tragedy, for this time the poor native teapickers on the plantations in Bangladesh, whose gross exploitation by these rich tycoons of Scotland have at last been exposed over the past few years. A great international campaign has been launched against the 'mal-practices' of this company, amounting, at times, to atrocious living conditions on the plantations, and a permanent cheap, if not slave labour force, task force.

The basic founder of this powerful company was James Finlay, of Highland descent, but wisely settled in Glasgow, adjusted his patriotism to the material opportunism of the times, and let Bonnie Prince Charlie and his dwindling host meet their alomst inevitable defeat at Culloden in 1745. Fourteen years later, as principle member of the Glasgow Highland Society. Finlay built (he didn't handle a stone, the workers built it) the Black Bull Hotel in Argyle Street, whose only claim to fame is that Robert Burns resided there briefly in 1787 and 1788. Finlay had rich stakes in the American colonies, and when the War of Independence in that country broke out, the Glasgow Cotton & Tobacco Lords were shattered. Panic-stricken but at the same infuriated Finlay tried to drum up a thousand mercenaries to cross the Atlantic and have a shot at reversing history. Finlay had not even heard of Canute.

A SON WORSE THAN THE FATHER

Finlay called his son Kirkman, a good orthodox, almost biblical name. A pious, hypocritival cloak for humbug and chicanery! Kirkman, by dint of his inherited possessions from canny old James, became Tory M.P. for Glasgow from 1812 to 1818. Only about 22 very rich merchants out of a population of 100,000 in the growing city of Glasgow had the right to vote. (How eager our present Tories cry out for secret ballots in the Trade Unions! When they ruled the roost, they opposed for decades any form of popular ballot whatever. Oh, these sudden wily democrats!) Kirkman used his position as M.P. to promote the interests of his expanding business. With a diminished American market, he now sought to crack into the profitable markets of India and Asia and breaking the English monopoly of the great East India. To do this he had to curry favour with the two most powerful Tories in Parliament, Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh. Castlereagh was the most vicious scoundrel in Britain at the period. He was a prime mover in the murders of Baird, Hardie and Wilson in Scotland, and heavily involved in repression in Ireland. He cut his own throat a few years later; a pity it was after his dirty deeds. This is the creature that one of the principle Brit torture camps in the 6 counties of N. Ireland is named after! Castlereagh!

To gain the favour of these two gangsters posing as M.P.s and Lords, Finlay recoursed to real criminal and gutter politics. He knew they were anxious to get hands on a "treasonable oath" signed by weavers and other artisans. They would use this to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and imprison Reform and the Trade Union movements, and attempt, like Finlay's father, to stem the tide of history. Kirkman Finlay did the dirty work for them. He engaged a low, cunning creature, one Richmond an ex-weaver and Trade Union secretary (not unlike one of our recent Clydeside traitors), to circulate this 'treasonable oath' and get gullible weavers to sign it, mainly in the back rooms of public houses in the wynds and dunnies of the city. Finlay gave him money to build up a ring of spies and agents. This signed document was the exact 'Oath of Treason' that was read by Sidmouth in Parliament in 1817 and a bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. Mass arrests were made in Glasgow and elsewhere. A number of men in Glasgow could well have been executed and dozens of others transported.

THE PLOTS FAILS

By the loyalty of the weavers to each others, and by the superb legal skill of the Defence lawyer, Francis Jeffrey, the plot failed. Finlay and his cronies, undaunted by this, were determined to pursue their vicious way, at the same time leave no loop-hole for the weavers to escape. In April, 1820, with assistance of additional Government agents, they pasted hundreds of copies of a 'treasonable proclamation' all over Glasgow, calling the citizens to arms (which they did not possess) while 5,000 fully armed troops made Glasgo more like a fort than a city. Andrew Hardie, a weaver of Townhead, and a small band of weavers and others, were brave and perhaps foolish enough to take on this impossible task. He was told by the agents that all the British workers were arising and that the men in the Carron Iron Works were ready to supply them with arms. Shouldering pikes and a few muskets, they marched to Condorrat where they were joined by John Baird and a few others. The troops confronted them at Bonnymuir near Carronside. They were loaded in irons and taken to the dungeons at Stirling. They were put on trial, found guilty, and sentenced. Baird and Hardie, the leaders, were found guilty of High Treason and executed; the others were transported to Australia in the hulks. Later that year, the old white-haired Reformer James Wilson, was executed facing Glasgow Green, to the people's horror and anger.

THE REAL MURDERERS

It was not the weavers of Glasgow who were guilty of treason; it was Sidmouth and Castlereagh and Finlay and Richmond, who with the assistance of their spies and agents took advantage of the justified anger of the over-worked and semi-starved weavers, and devised every dirty means to send these brave men to their deaths and the others into banishment. In the books of the Glasgow people, James Finlay should have been arrested and put on trial for arranging the legal murder of Baird, Hardie and Wilson, and the transportation of the Scottish radicals. He was primarily responsible for the suffering of these exiles' wives, children and ageing parents. His horrible statue, white marble, in form dressed like a Roman philosopher or senator, stands today in congenial company and among Tory friends on the Chamber of Commerce stairs; they no doubt admire his arrogance and shady dealings. Had it been put in George Square, the people of glasgow would have torn it down. The monument to the Martyrs of 1820, on the other hand, stands openly before their hallowed grave in Sighthill Cemetary and is being renovated this year by the 1820 Society and the District Council of Glasgow.

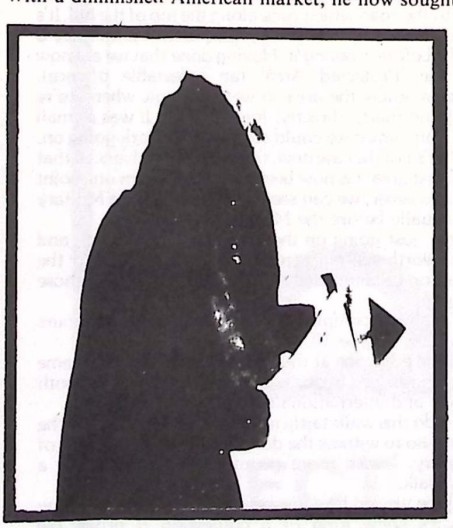
PHOTO: VIV KENDON

THE STATUE THEY HAD TO HIDE

THE FINAL SAY

Such then are the bloody origins of this notorious company, Finlay & Co. of West Nile Street, Glasgow, which still flourishes. Finlay, contrary to what his inheritors say, never served the people of Glasgow or elsewhere. He made huge profits from wage slave labour of his employees in the 19th century in particular. He had none of the caring of that genuine Utopian and co-operative reformer Robert Owen. Finlay was the opposite: a greedy aspiring tycoon. He had, besides his Queen Street mansion, a castle built for himself at Toward Point, Dunoon. He would have welcomed Polaris with open arms. His wealth based on blood, sweat and tears in Glasgow has long since been expanded to India and elsewhere. The poor tea plantation workers of Bangladesh that Finlay & Co. exploit expose to the world the evil empire that the blood-soaked Finlay dynasty made its huge fortunes from. Kirkman? No wonder that Rabbie lambasted the Holy Willies! And the workers of the world shall have the final say, whether or not Finlay & Company or Thatcher or Reagan and Wall Street find that news rather depressing.

Freddie Anderson

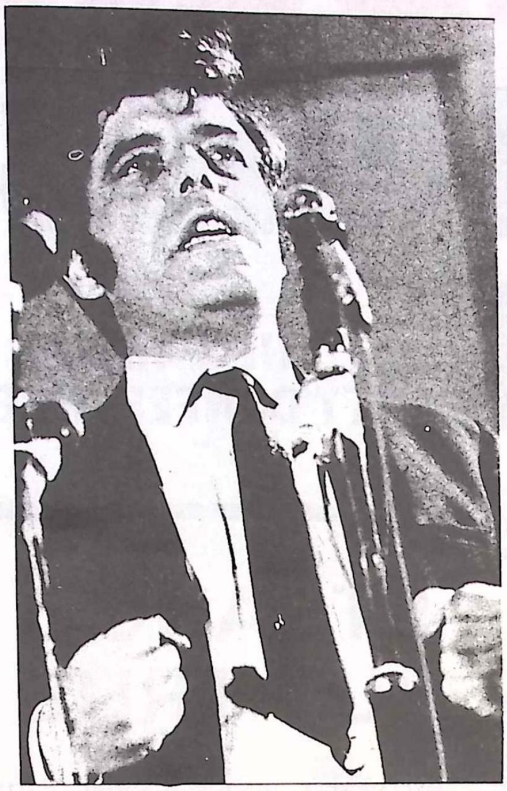


THEN: The cloak and axe used by the executioner of Baird and Wilson.

S.E.A.D.

NOW: Finlay's tea gardens in Bangladesh; poverty forces the workers to drink tea made with old leaves, with salt instead of sugar. During the famine of 1974 workers were dying of starvation while at work in the fields.

SETTING THE Record STRAIGHT



MAXWELL'S SILVER HAMMER

ROBERT LYNN, a militant of long standing, approached **Clydesider** following the publication of a letter of his in the Daily Record. It was so butchered that it made a nonsense of the political points he was trying to make. In the interests of accuracy we are publishing here both the 'censored' version of Maxwell's hacks and Robert's original letter...

Chaos now

IN the Record recently, Jimmy Reid stated "if an election is fair and democratic, you have to live with the outcome. The alternative is anarchy."

Obviously the implication is that anarchy is chaos. If this is so, then we must have anarchy now.

For chaos is very much prevalent within the framework of political democracy at present. — R. Lynn, Glasgow.

Dear Eds,

In 'Daily Record' 7/7/86 Jimmy Reid states: "If an election is unfair and undemocratic, you have to live with outcome. The alternative is anarchy". Obviously the implication is that anarchy is chaos. If this is so then we must have anarchy now. For chaos is very much prevalent within the framework of political democracy at present. J. Reid reveals his political ignorance.

J. Reid's knowledge of anarchy is conspicuous by its absence and in consequence still suffers from blind authoritarianism inherited from his past experiences with the Communist Party; he is unable to sever the umbilical cord.

Anarchy means without government. J. Reid seems to be unaware of the existence of non-governmental societies in history. One example for the sake of brevity: the South Sea Islands knew of no soldiers, gendarmes or police; they knew of no prisons, judges, kings or nobles, they had no knowledge of rape, sex murder, theft, perversions or neurosis. I advise J. Reid to polish up on his political theory or rather lack of it.

Yours truly, Robert Lynn.

Gallowgate,
Glasgow.

CLYDESIDER welcomes letters. Write to: Box 14, 340 West Princes Street, Glasgow

Farquhar McLay

LAST MONTH SAW the 1986 Edinburgh International Festival. A few people made a lot of money and a lot of people made a little money out of it. During the second week of the Festival the Breadline Scotland report was published. Its broad findings were that poverty and deprivation were now the norm in Scotland, with an estimated 1.9 million wage-earners living at or below the poverty level. Was any of this reflected in the home-grown content of this year's Festival? No fear. Not even on the Fringe, where shows might be expected to have some social/political bite. Shows from abroad were strong politically but they have their own authoritarian nightmare to explore. On the home front there was nothing. If deprivation was rife throughout the country, nobody dared risk mentioning: it might have spoiled the jokes. All we had was Nippy Sweeties, the same dreary trio carrying on with the same dreary satire in the same smug way. They have been churning out this drivel, in one form or another, for a decade. They never seem to tire of it - or is it just their own sweet pseudo-liberated selves they never tire of? It seems they have an ideal middle-class minded audience over at the Tron Theatre: I am told - and the source is unimpeachable - that after each performance the seats are commonly found found to be soaked in urine and/or other substances. Don't go.

* * * * *

AND TALKING ABOUT the theatre, I wonder has anybody been to the Citizens of late years? The last time I went they were doing Kit Marlowe. Giles Havergal seems to be very fond of Kit Marlowe. The broils, the maimings, the gore seem adequately to reflect Citizens policy of recent times: Give 'em blood. It has become a mindless theatre, in fact. No doubt it was the same at the Rose in London in 1593 when the Massacre at Paris was first performed. I have no doubty Marlowe took soundings and consulted the tastes and sympathies of his patrons before framing such rubbish. Presumably the Cits have assessed the requirements of their own little public and only strive to satisfy demand. It appears to be quite literally a demand for great gouts of blood. Players are draped in white sheets for no better reason than that the blood may engulf them the more horrifically. One was led to believe that Tudor audiences were a coarse bunch, agog for any grotesquery, with a ready stomach for blood-baths. We took it for granted that the modern theatregoer was a wimp by comparison. This seems not to be the case. But 400 years have one tiny change. We are no longer invited to enjoy the bloodletting for its own sake. We are no longer supposed to be altogether in sympathy with Marlowe's gratuitous sadism. It is a problem, but Giles & Co. can get round it. What they do is: mount a mock-Tudor production, adapting the crudities of stage presentation which supposedly obtained in that era, and with some off-stage (up and down the aisles) drollery mixed in. Now it's educational, and permissible.

Elizabeth sits on high throughout, like a madonna in a brightly lit niche, and at the end comes down to join in a knees-up with her beloved Thespians. The pretence is that it is the renaissance theatre we are to look at, not just the preposterous Marlowe play which is only an excuse to show horrors. So when blood flows it flows, not for *us*, not for *our* delecation, but for those strange beings - those coarse, cruel and comical Elizabethans.

And we are all those things ourselves - and liars besides.

* * * * *

IT SEEMS A great pity that the Citizens should have this pathological dread of Scottish drama. Particularly as they are funded by to the tune of around £600,000 annually by the Scottish Arts Council, not to mention substantial sums from the Regional and District Councils. A person might be forgiven for thinking, in the light of all that funding from Scottish sources, that the Citizens might be able to make even just a token gesture to Scottish writing, say like one new play each season. For, after all, that SAC grant was topped up in recent years at the expense of many smaller theatre groups which were producing new Scottish plays; sadly a lot of these groups have now disappeared through lack of financial support. The trouble is that Giles Havergal & Friends have a fear of living authors which borders on dementia. They are at their happiest working on spurious translations (done by one of their own) of obscure 'classics', with no author around to be placated. In order to get a play on at the Cits you have to be either long deceased or senile or an inhabitant of foreign climes. Don't go.

Langmuir an Algie Earns

Ye mind the Setterday mornings at the Central
Auld Langmuir on the bench, stipendiary,
Wig ayways hauf-wey doon his face
Waiting fur the ten thoosan breaches
O' the nicht afore, an me wan o thim
Pullt in shakin like a scarecraw, ten stitches
In ma heid, nae jaikit an wan shoe missin.
'Sae here's wir handsel', Ah heard him sayin
Ahint his haun yon wey: he wis laughin.
'Noo you own up an gie us aa a break.
We've got ten thoosand breaches ti attend tae,
Fower hunner thefts of leid fae Glesca roofs
No ti speak of loiterins wi intent.
Then there's aa these fellas batterin thir wives,
An thaem thit lift their hauns ti constables -
Like you. Ye hear ma speak. Nae lah-dee-dah
Hauf-byalt wally-close stuff here. Ah ken yuir freens -
Kemp an Swiftie an Candy an Pie
An that craw Russo. Ah ken yuir howfs -
The Sarrie Heid, Burnt Barns an the Clyde Vauts tae.
Jeez O! Yis wuld sook thon wine fae a shittu cloot
An think nane o it'.

Ma hert lowpt up. These sounds
Wur music ti ma ears. Ah've won a watch,
Ah thought ti masel, it's Calton talk. 'Guilty!'
Ah shouted oot, 'Guilty, yuir honour',
(Gie'm his place), 'Ah'm guilty, Sir'.

But eftir - in the dug box up in Bar
Anither thought went thru ma heid. Ye fule!
Six months wull be six fuckin months
Whitever wey they say it.

VOICES OF DISSENT

"...there can only be one kind of poetry that matters: the poetry of dissent". A new anthology of explicitly political poems, including the works of Tom Hubbard, T. S. Law, Harry Bryce and many more. Edited by Farquhar McLay. To be published soon.

CLYDESIDER

SOCIALISM DIES THE DEATH ...AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE

"I AM WILLING to die for my country". So said Neil Kinnock at Blackpool. And that's half the problem.

In a country that is ruled by a tiny minority, in the interests of that tiny minority, in a world that cries out for a committed internationalism, the Labour Party falls for the same old trap.

Kinnock conveniently forgets the first principle of real socialism - *the workers have no country.*

The professional hacks and commentators at the conference drew references to 1945: the year hundreds of thousands thought Labour could herald genuine social change. But listening to Kinnock another date springs more readily to mind: 1914. Then the Labour Party was also ready to 'die for their country', and helped marshall millions off to the slaughter in the biggest trade way the world had ever seen. Two years later Labour MPs in the House of Commons stood and cheered when James Connolly's execution was announced. This is the reality of the 'golden age' of the Labour Party. And now the scene is being set for even bigger betrayals.

SACRIFICE

Swearing allegiance to a flag that is known the world over as 'the butcher's apron' is just part of Kinnock's plan for us. He's already talking about having to repair the damage of seven years of Tory misrule. Translated that means: tell us the same old story - the one about sacrifice (ours). More of the kind of cuts that began, not with Thatcher, but with Callaghan.

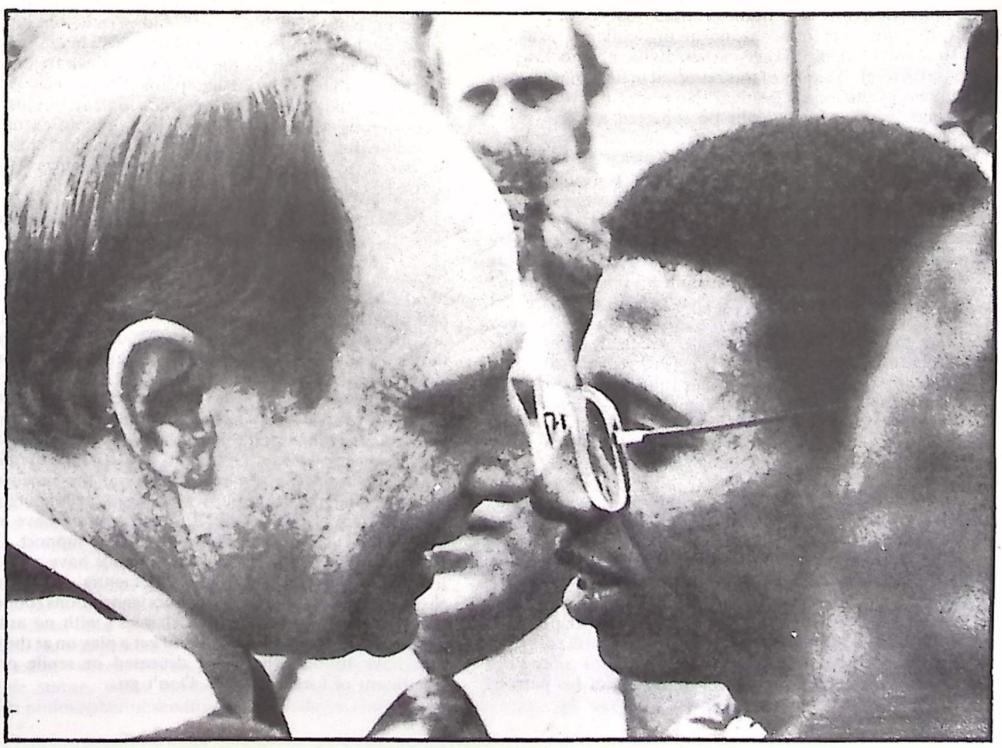
Old fashioned capitalist remedies combined with a liberal dose of American-style razzamatazz is the new Kinnock style. And the Labour Party, having had a whiff of power, seems prepared to make compromise after compromise to sniff it out. What remains of the Left in the Party is suffering from a severe bout of post-radical depression.

SOCIALISM OR BARBARISM

But in Glasgow of all places we shouldn't be conned. For almost half a century we've had a Labour council in power. And all we've got to show for it are a few broken down housing schemes and a broken down Rolls Royce. Time and time again it's been made obvious that the problems are just too big to be solved by mere tinkering. Anything short of social revolution is doomed to failure. And that won't come through the Labour Party. That can only come from those who realise whose country this is - and whose country this isn't.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Every year at the Labour Party conference there's resolutions against nuclear weapons, resolutions against nuclear power, resolutions against arms build up. Invariably these resolutions get passed.

And so when the time came for the Labour government under Wilson to launch its first nuclear powered, nuclear missile carrying submarine, its choice of name was obvious. HMS Resolution.

"Don't get in the way of my career, sonny"